

Burning Thoughts

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Burning Thoughts

DAMON BANKS

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Contents

Introduction	1
1. SLAVERY	3
2. REFLECTION POINT	5
3. LETTER TO MY DAUGHTER	7
4. Russell Baldwin	9
5. Dear Lord	11
Appendix	13 15

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Introduction

I have been writing for a little over 7 years now. The passion was inspired from different amounts of emotions & life lessons. This book is written for my Daughter Damonay. Allowing her a chance to have the opportunity to understand how my mind captured different aspects of point of views of life. Your mind juicy girl is the key to all types of different levels in your life. Never stop using the ability to learn, work things out & planning your own life journey. I love You beautiful girl, An everytime you think of me. Pick this book up and I'll away be with you.

My words, my life, my veiws, my outlook

By :Damon Banks

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Simple Book Production

1

SLAVERY

I have been look down upon with disgust &
shame.

Because of the pigmentation of my skin.
I have been kidnapped from my natural habitat,
stripped of my God given rights & sold like
property.

Where I was beaten, starved & mistreated
Deprived the usage if being called by my birth
name.

Instead being addressed as slave, boy or nigger
Forcing me to acknowledge you as MASTER.
Being made to work without pay or

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appreciation.

Our women were Forced to serve their every
needs,

falling victim to rape & subjected to pure
hatred,

due to the formation of curves that her body
displays.

Our men worked barbarically in cotton fields
under the watchful eye of riflemen on horses,
daring their attempt to escape. iron chains
cuttin into their ankles.

songs being song in Swahili, as a method of
unrecognizable communication between
brothers.

To the far east cries if pure pain & agony
could be heard from a distance.

As a whip echos off the flesh of skin on contact
exposing it to the white meat.

nails at the tip Pierces The Bone with so much
force,

his knees buckled, as he violently begins to
shake

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REFLECTION POINT

Standing in front of the mirror eyes locked
on the reflection gazing back at me.

Events of my childhood depravments suddenly
over takes my thought process unfolding hidden
memories.

wondering how I allow myself to evolve to this
point like someone but my childhood on repeat.
Treacherous but hurtful tones behind the words
that you speak,
all unraveling from the pain that you buried so
deep.

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All created and inflicted upon by the man you
could one day be.

Allowing anger to flutter any chances of
reconcilement between son & the man he
doesn't see..

overwhelming Visions pause on the image of
this is how my dad did me,
so I repeated the cycle inflicting the same
misery upon my seed..

which in all reality my abandonment was force
upon by the egg that Harvest the seed.

But blame still drains me emotionally weak,
because the feelings I felt bounced directly at
my sons feet.

Leaves me praying that one day his eyes will be
open to the truth that's entangled inside of
words delivered by those who stand against me.

Blindly hiding the true facts of why I've been
missing from the scene.

But through it all I allowed the pain to settle
bone deep,

When a simple phone call would have
eliminated those who speak..

LETTER TO MY DAUGHTER

These words that are on display for your eyes
to read..

Are coming from the core of my heart, These
letters that will reform into words, Are For your
soul to accept & understand. To know that I
have always tried to be the best Father for you
But i have failed in many areas..

I wanted to bless you with the world,
But the world I'm in out weights life.

My Goals were to give you all the love &
affection, That I never endured as a child.. To
have the feeling of being wanted & needed. I'm

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at a point to where I'm trying to give the same
Level of acceptance that I'm still in search for
being grown.

My soul is not a peace rite now juicy
Cause the sparkles that dances a crossed your
eyes. Have some how faded into a worrisome
glare. All Caused by the same man that will kill
& give his life for you.

I have lost track of myself trying to be strong &
protective, For all thoses that mean a breath to
me.. It has made me bitter & shelter from the
world. GOD has blessed me with you as my
child. Cause he knew you would be the key to
the Answers & non understanding thoughts
that I hold within me.. Your smile is enough to
calm the fire that boils my blood.

Your touch still is felt even as you walk away.
The pureness in the way you call my name, Is
equal to an angel entering heavens gates.

Russell Baldwin

One but never forgotten,, a son, father, cousin and Friends. this is a sad day but brings blessings in the end.. Absence from the body, brings life to the soul, Tears streaming down faces, but his wings unfolds.. March 25th. God called one of his angels home.. Delivered from chaos and violence to be replaced. With pure love from each and every soul.. Streets that have been paved in blood that tells story of a 6'6 falling man. Are now filled with the purest of gold.. You Found your way in life, until God summons you home. Now it's time to watch and

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guide your daughter, from up by the kings throne. Protect your family and friends cause war is still knocking at their doors. Give strength to those equipped with the knowledge & willingness to help fight this spiritual wars.. I hope I make it up there to hear the rap you have in store for The day I come home. I love you and want you to know, the teachings you embedded in me was engraved in me taken form in my soul.. cuz our day will come when I'll see you on the other side. but as of now it looks as if you won the prize..

R.I.P Russell Baldwin

5

Dear Lord

Dear Lord
Save me from myself, when I don't know
what's best.

Cuz everything around me seems to be a mess
with layers of stress. But still no time to rest.
Cuz rents do and bills too and my daughter stills
need a new pair of shoes.

Still not enough food to get us thru another full
day so Lord I call on you, hoping that you pull
me thru..

To be true the devil's in my ear with all the rite
tools,

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to get me thru but Lord I stay strong on my
knees calling on you..

AMEN..

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This is where you can add appendices or other
back matter.

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